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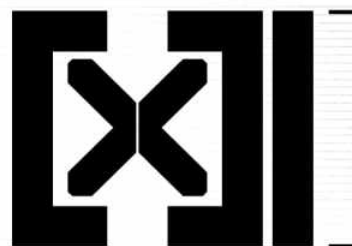
001

LAVALLE
KIRK
BEREDO

SABRIETOOH & THE EXILES

ALMA
JOHNS
-D.M.K.





STORIES

There's two kinds of stories in this world.

The *overstory* -- that's the gods and heroes, great deeds and pretty faces. It's the stuff they tell you matters, about the kinds of people who matter.

And then there's the *understory*.

That's where folks like me, and maybe you too, that's where we live and breathe. As you can guess by the name, the understory is usually hidden, ignored. And yer buddy Mole knows a hell of a lot about being ignored.

The overstory is about the people who change the world in ways you hear about in history books.

The understory is about the people who change it in ways you might never know unless someone tells you about it.

So this here, it's the understory. About eight mutants who had to flee paradise because it wasn't a paradise for them. And that choice -- to leave -- that choice changed more mutants' lives than I can count.

I'm not talking about us mutants here on Krakoa, or those up on Mars. You'll excuse me if I keep forgetting to call it Arakko. I'm talking about the ones left out of the Krakoaan fantasy. What happens to the ones left out of the dream?

They get the nightmare.

And who saved the unloved and discarded? Bunch of villains and C-listers. Exiles. Led by the worst of 'em all. Victor Creed.

Yeah. Sabretooth. Now, how bad did the heroes fail if it's left to that guy to save the day? Oops. Did I say that last part out loud? Well, you know the saying, there's no justice. There's just us.

All us exiles. This story is about you.

Orchis Station Six.

People say you should change jobs every 2 to 3 years. I've changed mine a lot more often than that.

BOND FAILURE

First, I ran a little breeding business down in Brazil, but that went nowhere.

Then I worked for a private organization, the *U-Men*, but they were fanatics, and fanatics won't follow the science if it conflicts with their beliefs.

This is Dr. Barrington.

So now I work for a corporation, *Orchis*, and corporations believe in nothing. Except profitable results.

Resource extraction on 342 is complete. Bring me mutant subject 343.

And send the cleaning crew. I've made a bit of a mess.





I'm gonna
tear out your
throat when I
get loose!!!

Then the
first thing I'll
do is tear out
those claws.

Sabretooth:
healing factor;
savage and cunning;
a bad, bad man.

Just
try it.

It's a pretty
simple procedure.
We've done it plenty.
The blades might be
a bit dull, but you're



SABRETOOTH & THE EXILES

UNDER THE KNIFE

For breaking a foundational law of Krakoa, "murder no man," Sabretooth was condemned to exile in the Pit of Krakoa. He eventually escaped, fleeing the island in a high-tech yacht, leaving his fellow exiles to languish. But his freedom was short-lived, as Sabretooth was soon captured by the anti-mutant organization Orchis. Meanwhile, the rest of Krakoa's exiles have been secretly set free and sent on a mission to stop Sabretooth before he kills again...



[SABRETOOTH]



[TOAD]



[ORPHAN-MAKER]



[NANNY]



[THIRD EYE]



[MADISON JEFFRIES]



[OYA]



[NEKRA]



[MELTER]

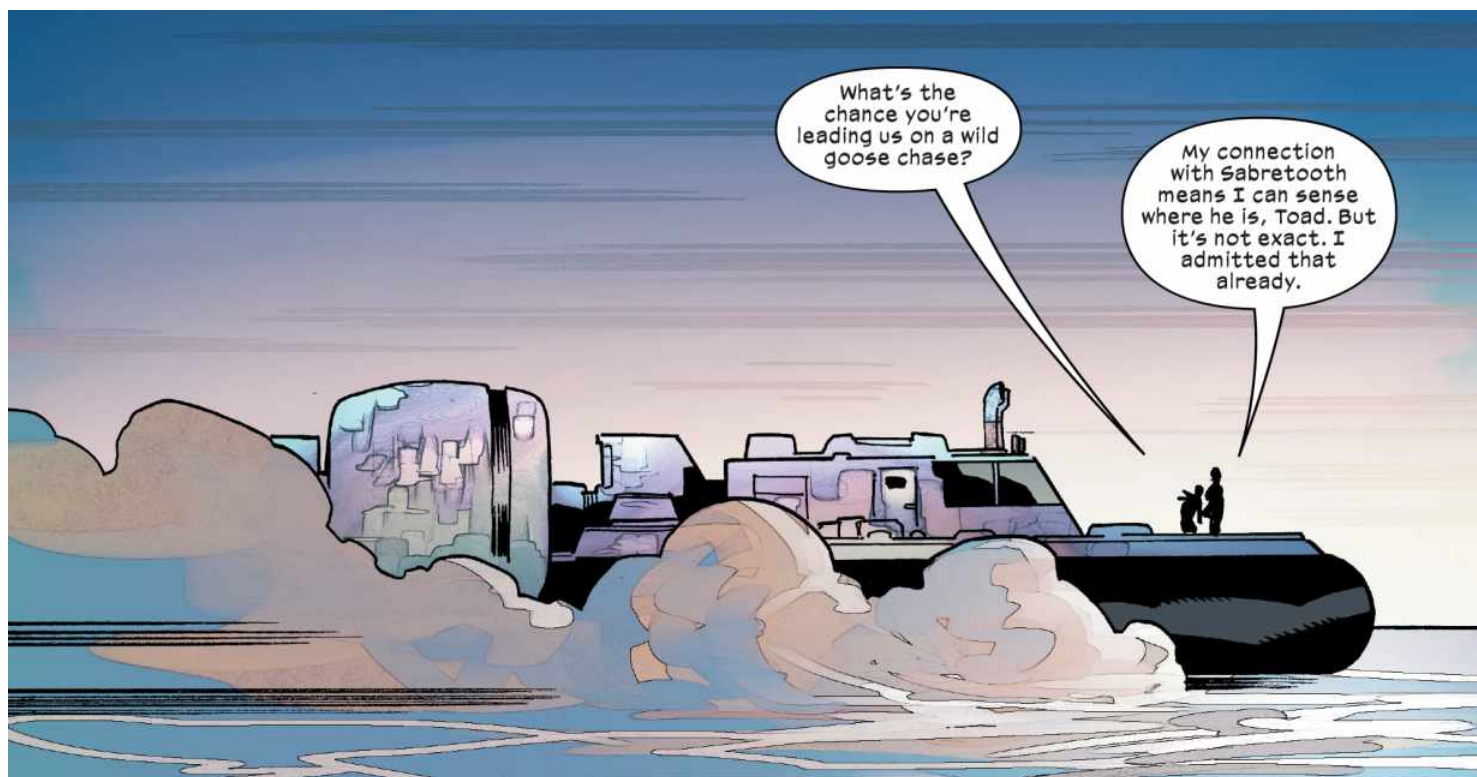


Victor LaValle/Writer
Leonard Kirk/Artist
Rain Beredo/Color Artist
VC's Cory Petit/Letterer
Tom Muller w/Jay Bowen/Design

Ryan Stegman, JP Mayer &
Frank Martin/Cover Artists

VC's Cory Petit/Production
Drew Baumgartner/Assistant Editor
Mark Basso/Editor
Jordan D. White/Senior Editor
C.B. Cebulski/Editor in Chief

Joshua Cassara & Dean White;
Maria Wolf & Mike Spicer/
Variant Cover Artists



What's the chance you're leading us on a wild goose chase?

My connection with Sabretooth means I can sense where he is, Toad. But it's not exact. I admitted that already.



Third Eye:
psychic, sorcerer,
reformed assassin.

So you know he took off in this direction, but that's it? Your mutant power kind of sucks.

Everyone else is willing to take a leap of faith with me. I think I proved myself in the Pit.

Yeah, but I wasn't down there when you all played prison bingo. To me, you're just some stranger in a nice suit. And I'm tired of following orders. That's how I ended up in the Pit anyway.

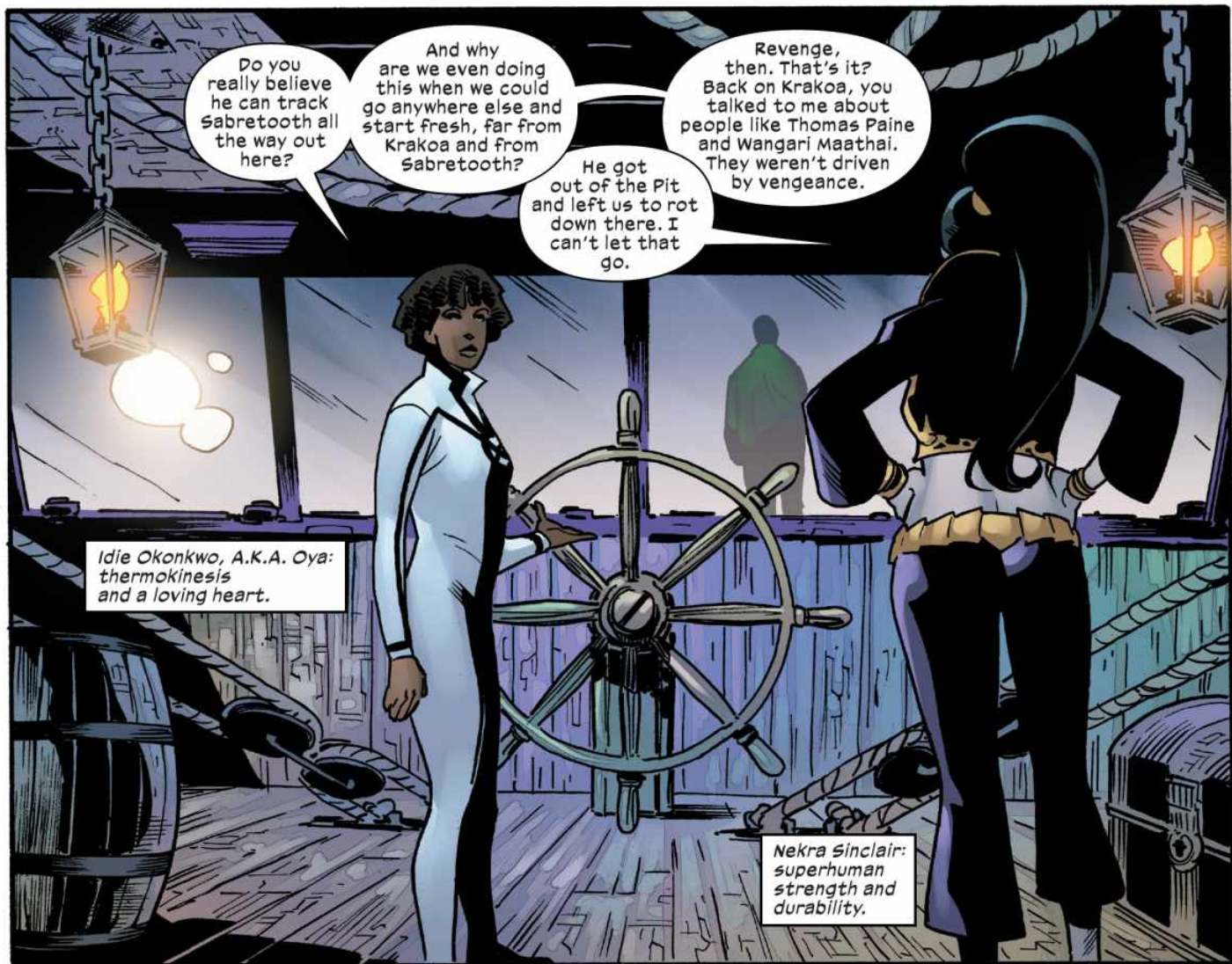
Mortimer Toynbee, A.K.A. Toad:
everything a real toad can do,
he can do better.

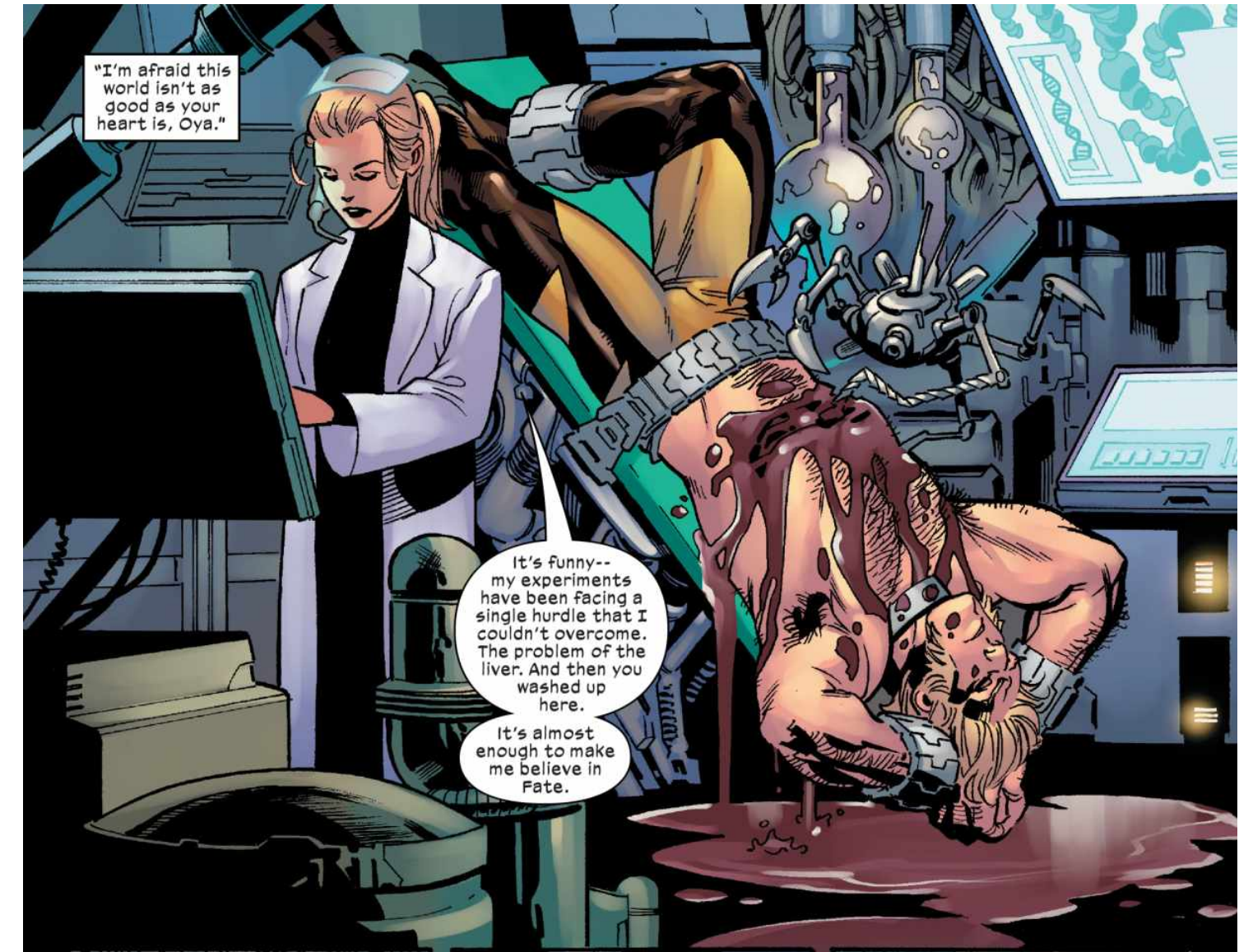


I'm not like Magneto. I can show you.



Stay outta my mind, smooth talker. I don't even like being in there myself.

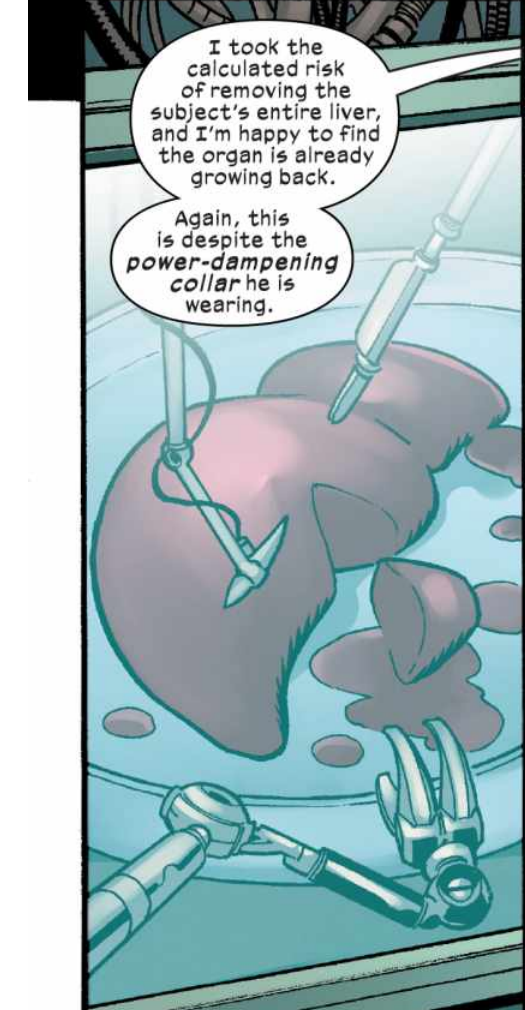




"I'm afraid this world isn't as good as your heart is, Oya."

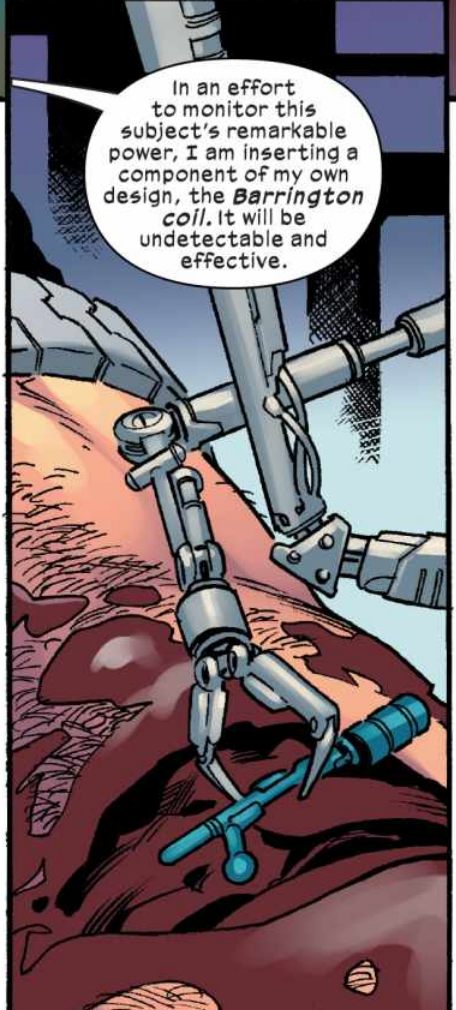
It's funny-- my experiments have been facing a single hurdle that I couldn't overcome. The problem of the liver. And then you washed up here.

It's almost enough to make me believe in Fate.



I took the calculated risk of removing the subject's entire liver, and I'm happy to find the organ is already growing back.

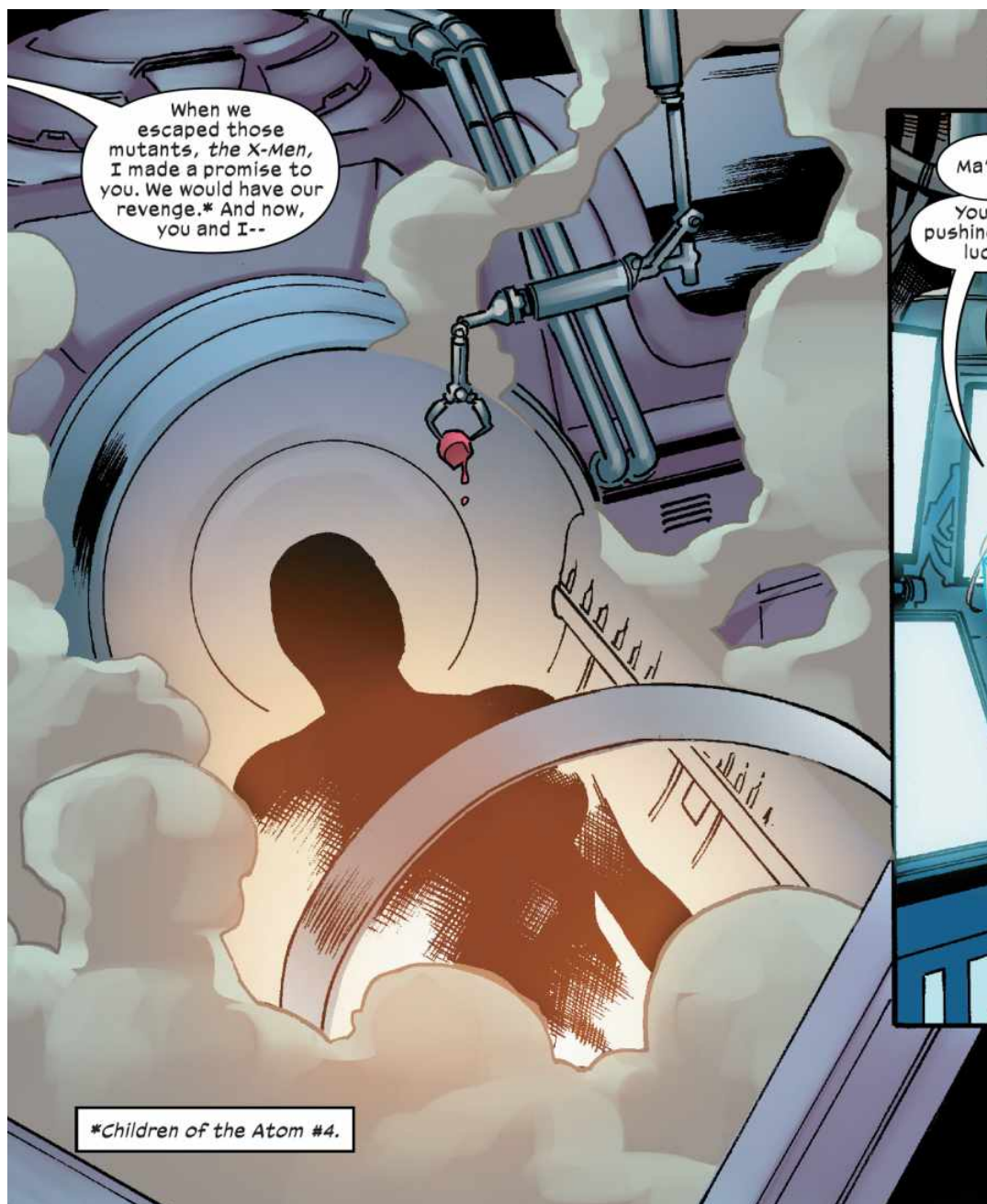
Again, this is despite the power-dampening collar he is wearing.



In an effort to monitor this subject's remarkable power, I am inserting a component of my own design, the *Barrington coil*. It will be undetectable and effective.



And in the meantime, grafting this specimen's healing factor on to you, my most promising *creation*, might allow you to live long enough for your primary abilities to manifest.



When we escaped those mutants, the X-Men, I made a promise to you. We would have our revenge.* And now, you and I--

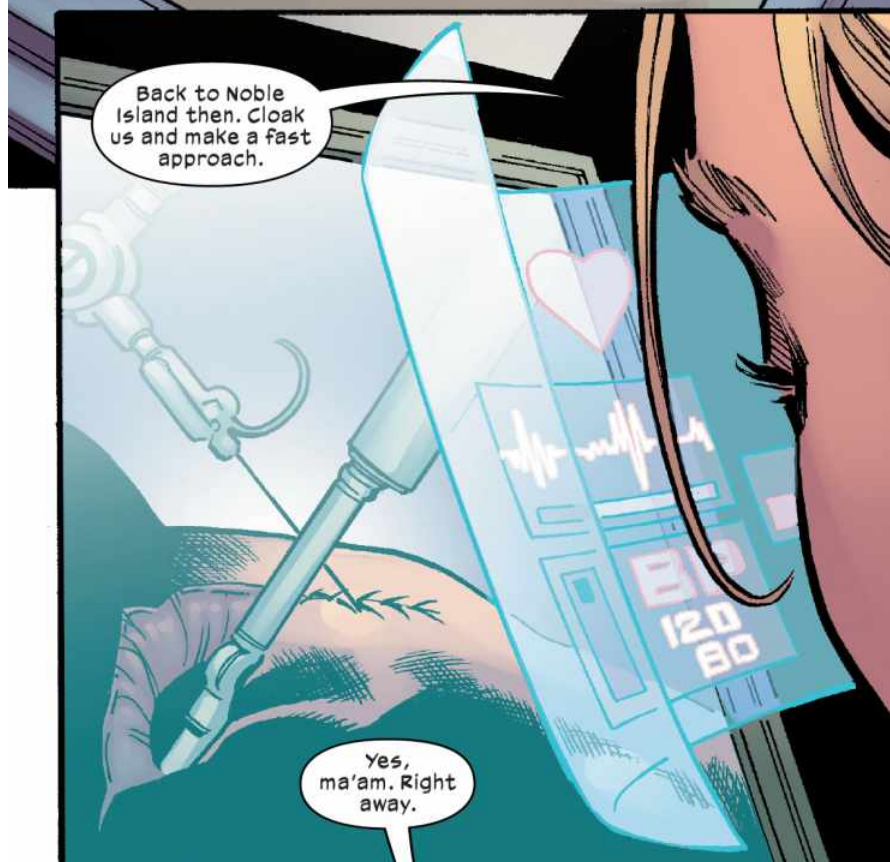
*Children of the Atom #4.



Ma'am.

You're pushing your luck.

I'm sorry, but that last body we cleaned up in your lab means we've reached maximum capacity in the tanks. We have to flush them.



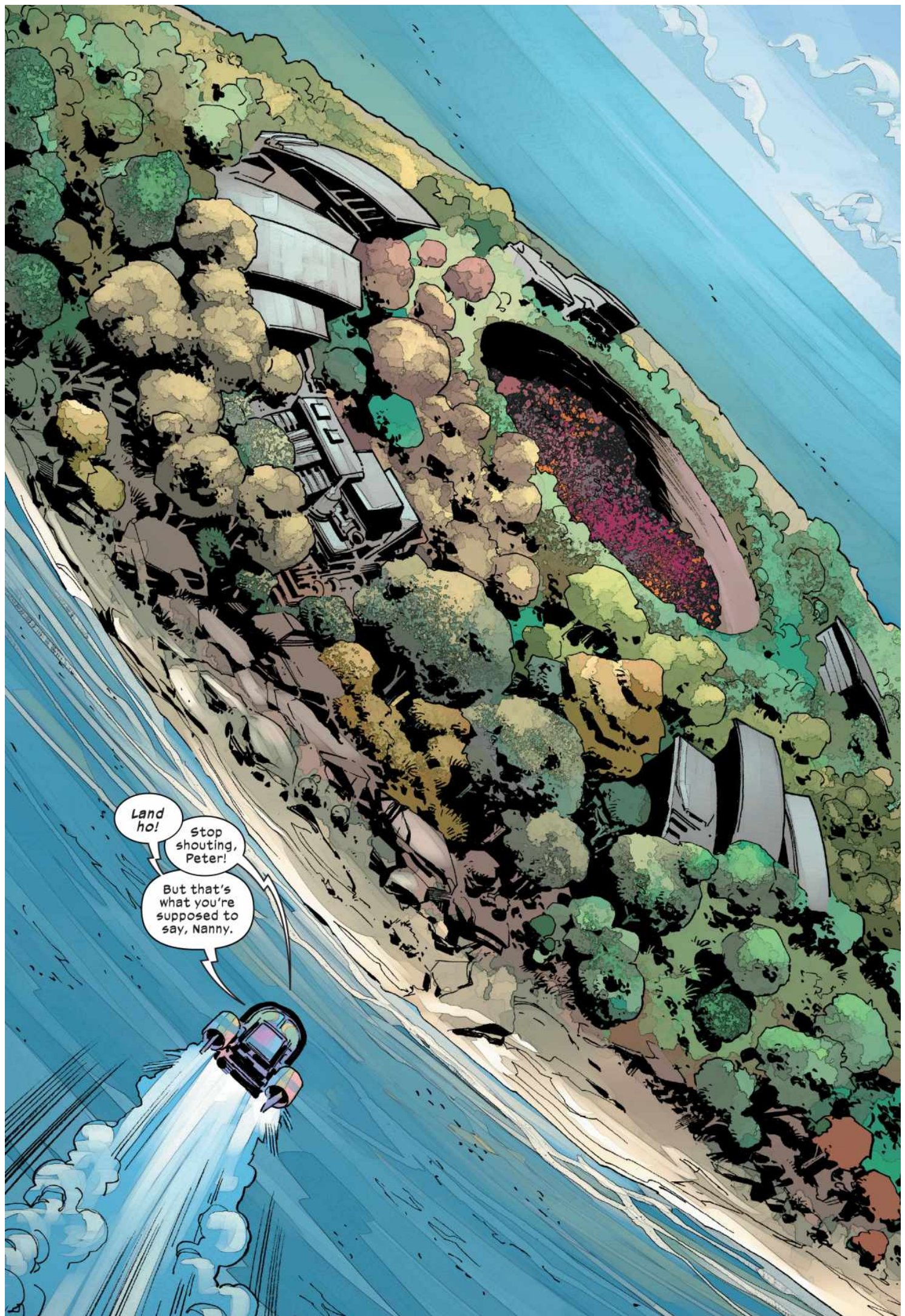
Back to Noble Island then. Cloak us and make a fast approach.

Yes, ma'am. Right away.



And get this one to the infirmary.

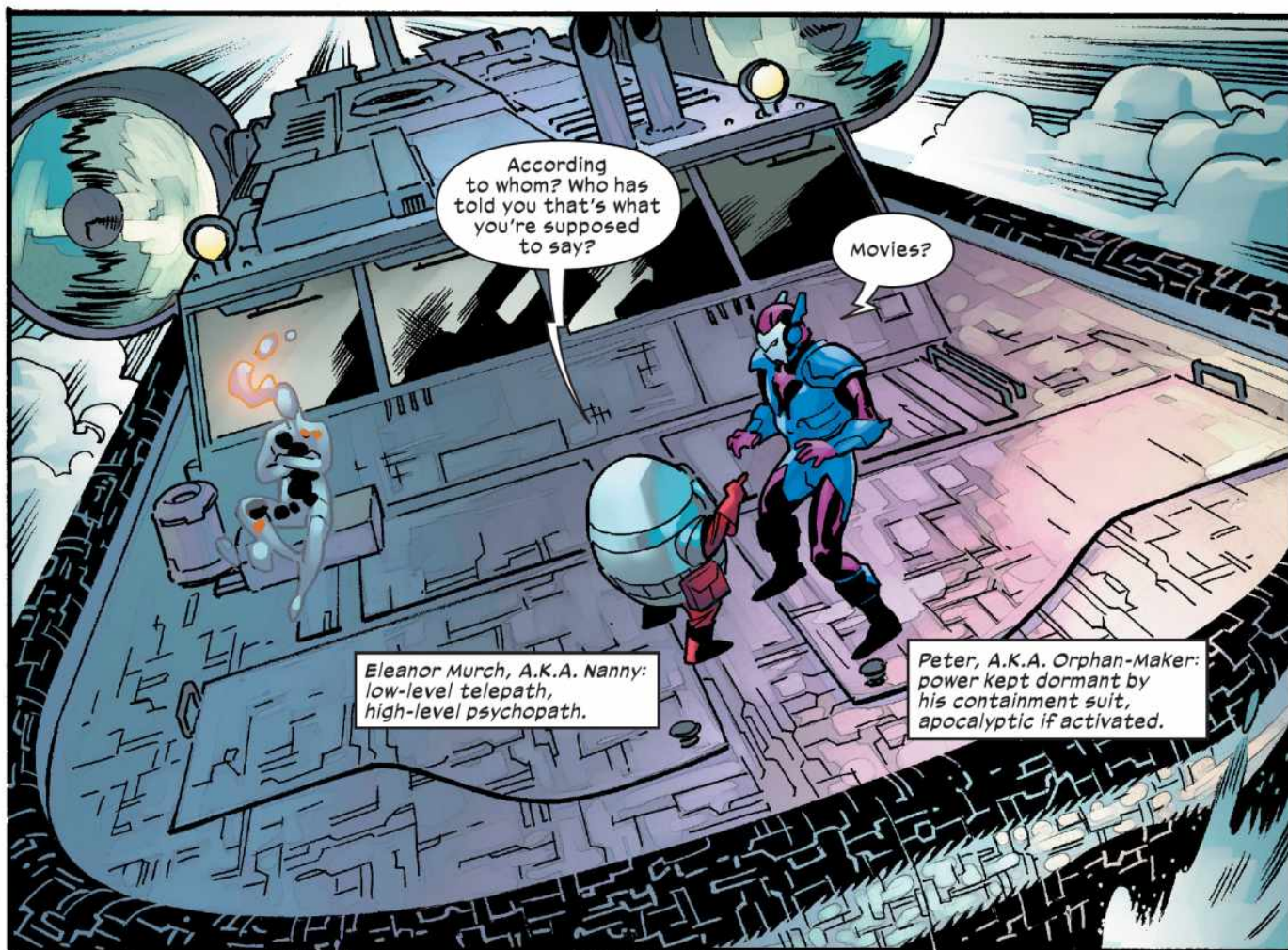
Soon as I can stand up, doc, I'm coming for yer head.



Land
ho!

Stop
shouting,
Peter!

But that's
what you're
supposed to
say, Nanny.



According to whom? Who has told you that's what you're supposed to say?

Movies?

Eleanor Murch, A.K.A. Nanny: low-level telepath, high-level psychopath.

Peter, A.K.A. Orphan-Maker: power kept dormant by his containment suit, apocalyptic if activated.



Has someone on this ship been showing you movies? Where was I?



Chris Colchiss, A.K.A. Melter: melts things.

You were sleeping.

When I sleep, you sleep! From now on.



Land ho!



Movies, eh, Peter?

Madison Jeffries:
technokinetic transmutation.
Control over inorganic material.
No--you're not missing him--
he's the ship right now.

Madison,
are you sure
you won't join
us?

These three
want to stay on
board, so I'll let them.
I've created that
communicator so you
can reach me if
you need to.

To be clear,
we're not afraid
to join you. We just
think it's blatantly
stupid to explore a
mysterious island in
the middle of nowhere.
Especially when none
of you are Final
Girls.

Do you
really want
to stay behind,
big guy?
Because you
don't have
to.

Johnny
Storm is asking
for my opinion?

Please stop
calling me that.
I am not the
Human Torch!

I went into the Pit
to take care of you.
And now you're
thinking of leaving
me behind?

I'll
catch



...it's
a mass
grave.

Who
would do
this?

Someone
we don't want
to meet.

You're
wrong, Melter.
I want to meet
whoever did
this very much.

We won't
have to wait.
Something's
coming.

Their hate
for mutants is
so strong I can
feel it like a
blade at my
throat!



ORCHIS MEMO

FROM THE DESK OF DR. BARRINGTON

FAO: TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

How much does freedom cost? What price are we willing to pay?

I refrain from delving into political histories because that field is not my forte. Instead, I'll stick to medical science. While most other applicants for this position will no doubt rattle off a long list of the degrees they've secured from august institutions across the globe or across the galaxy, I will, instead, offer a different résumé.

MIT, Harvard, Imperial College, Karolinska Institute and the University of Tokyo.

I have been expelled from every one of these medical colleges. I state this with great pride.

My grades weren't an issue, nor was my work ethic. Instead, each school decided my goals were too far-reaching, too advanced. What they actually said was that my ideas lacked "ethical standards." But what do ethical standards have to do with the history of medicine? As they say, it's complicated.

Dr. J. Marion Sims is called the "father of modern gynecology." He earned his degree from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and he practiced medicine in Alabama from 1835 to 1849.

Sims perfected a number of surgical procedures like the repair of certain fistulas in the body. He performed the first successful gall-bladder surgery. He invented the modern-day speculum.

In order to perfect his surgical techniques, Sims had to practice. He practiced on at least 10 Black women -- slaves. He performed surgeries on these women without anesthesia. One woman endured 30 surgeries. No anesthesia. Once he perfected his techniques, Sims moved to New York and performed those surgeries on the wealthier, white women of the city. He used anesthesia on them.

This is, of course, horrific. Those Black women were human beings. They deserved the same care as their wealthier, whiter counterparts. A great deal of medical knowledge had been gained, freedom from a number of medical dilemmas. But the price came at a steep cost.

But what if we might gain medical knowledge from a population who do not raise such ethical concerns? Ones who don't feel pain as we humans do? Beings who don't form deep emotional connections and are more like ants or bees than people. I'm speaking, of course, of mutants.

This is my bid for a position with the Orchis Corporation: Give me mutants and funding and privacy and I will deliver you freedom from the threat of human extinction.

I await your offer.

Station Six.
Yes, Barrington's floating lab/
fortress is that freaking big.



Madison,
can you hear
me?

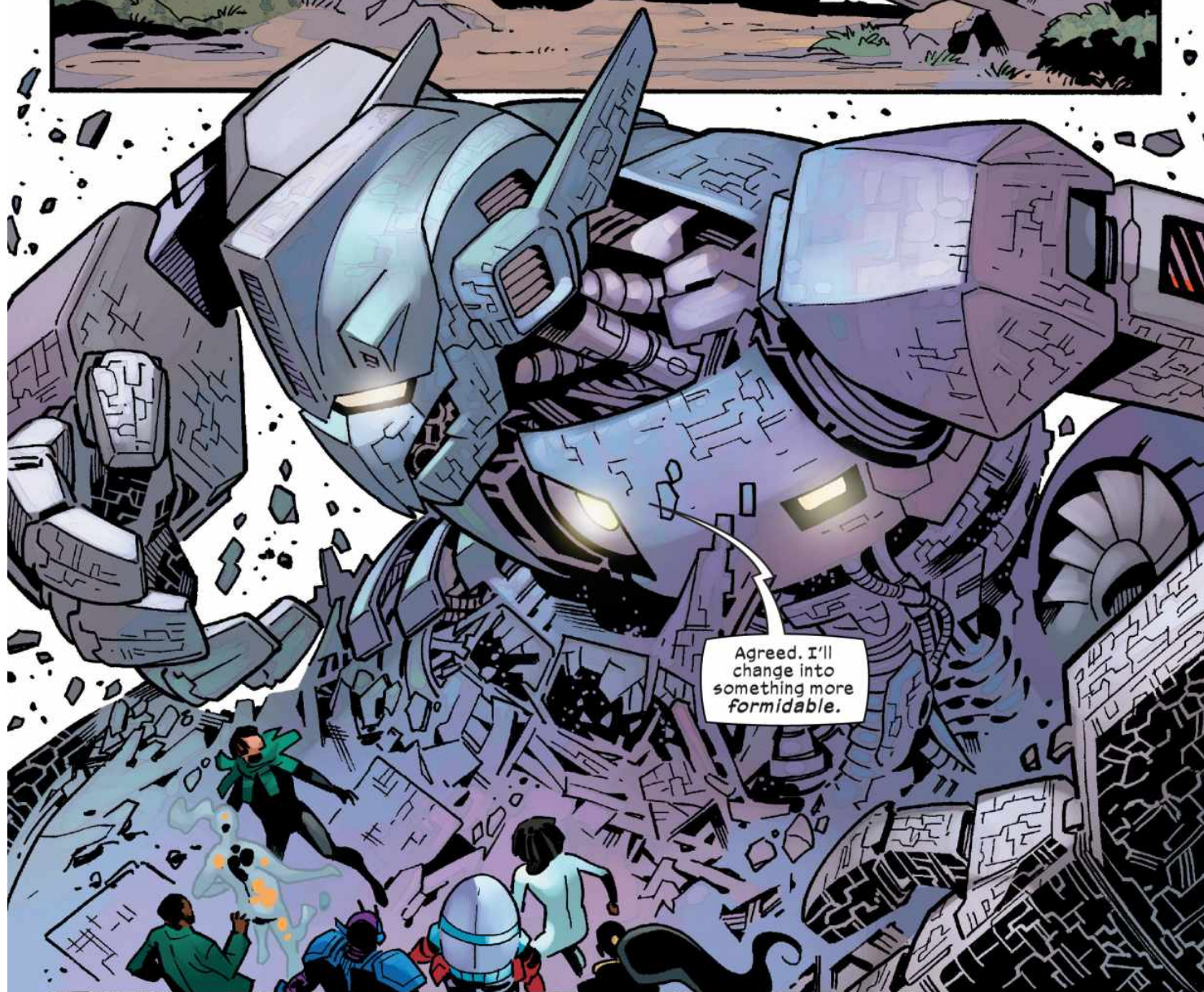
Yes, Nekra.
We've got
visitors.

Ones that
don't seem to
like mutants.

Get back
here quick as
you can!



We're all on board, but I'm not the type to flee. Especially after I've seen a mass grave full of mutants.



Agreed. I'll change into something more formidable.

Are you three going to join us or will you sit this out too?

It seems we've been left with no choice but to fight.

I don't appreciate your tone, young lady. But we will stand with you.

Let's get ready to--

Save it for the battlefield, Peter.

Aboard Station Six.

Did I survive? Am I alive?

You're talking to me, aren't you?

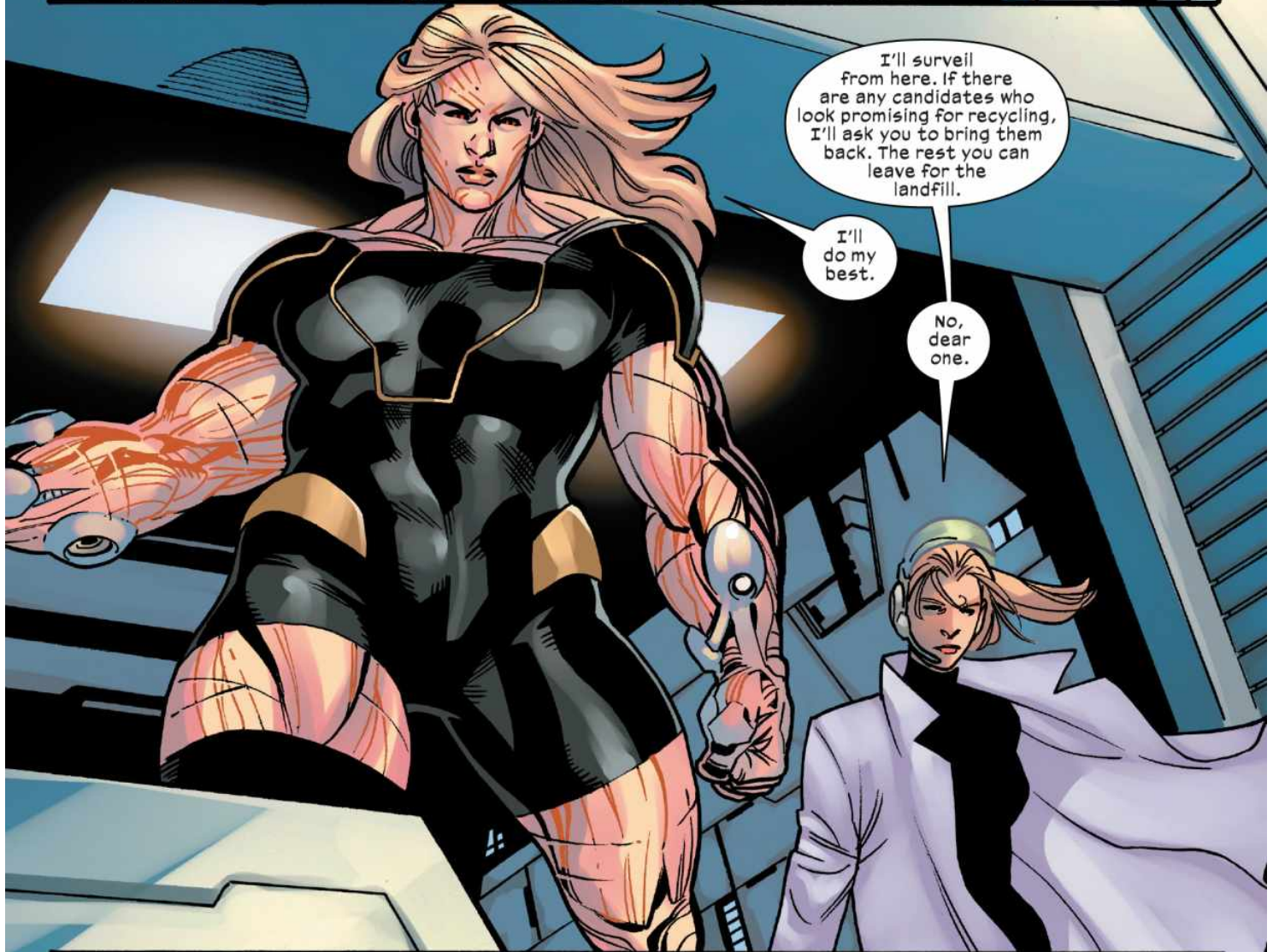
Am I? I can hardly tell. I still hear myself screaming through the procedure.





Where are you taking me?

Your true test is down on the island below. Mutants. The natural enemy of every rational human being.



I'll surveil from here. If there are any candidates who look promising for recycling, I'll ask you to bring them back. The rest you can leave for the landfill.

I'll do my best.

No, dear one.



Do your worst.





Are there any candidates you'd flag for retrieval?

Now that you ask, yes. One of them is particularly interesting.

Doctor, they're not much of a fighting unit. I've redirected their own missiles back at them. I don't think this should take long.



It's about damn time I woke up. Sedatives don't usually work on me.



Tight fit.



If they're checking my vitals, that means I ain't dead yet.



SLAM

Oof. My skull's covered in metal, but my face sure ain't.



Good thing I'm stubborn.









I've checked all the other chambers. No bodies inside, but the smell of death fills each one. A lot of people suffered in here.



No weapons, just medical devices. Medical torture is more like it. I've got a scar on my belly. Hasn't fully healed. Which is surprising. But first things first.



Maybe I can repurpose this stuff. Just have to get the blade running.



BUZZZZZZ



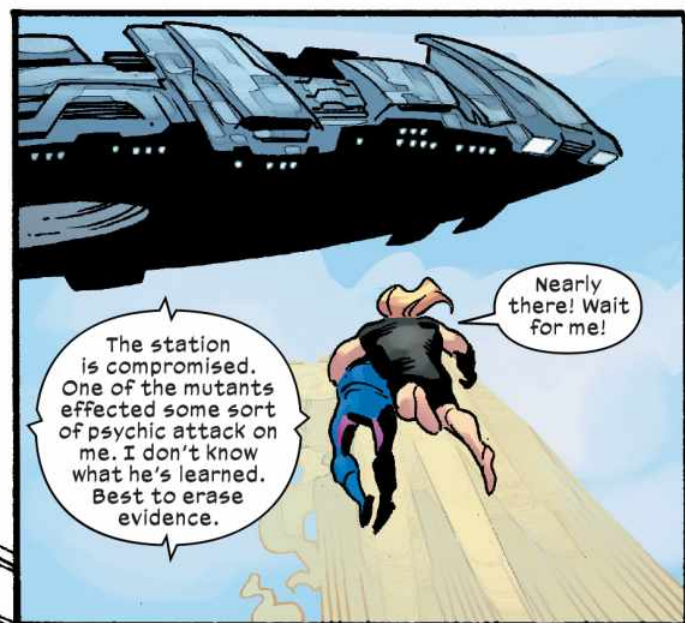
ZZZZZZZZ

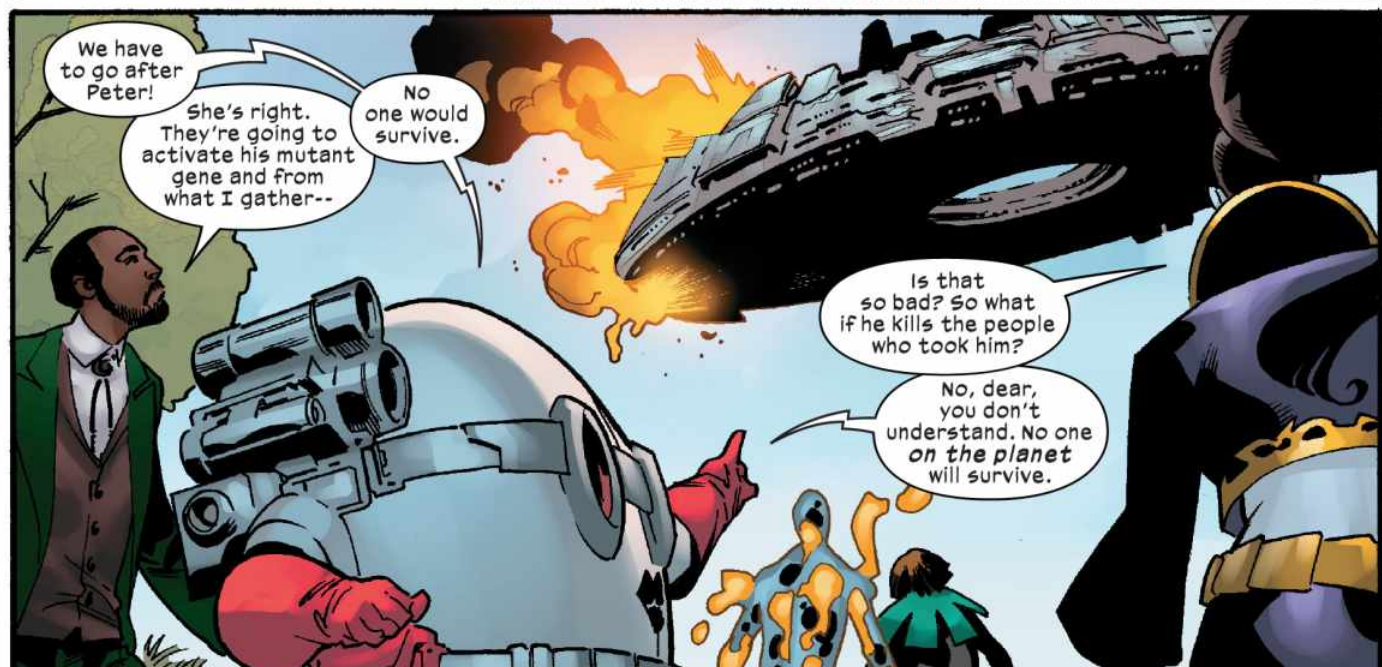
Arrgghh!

ROAR!!!



...but I'll take my reimbursement out of these fools' hides.







What is that stuff? Not just mechanical. It looks organic.

It's mutants. What's left of them. Used up and discarded. Like the bodies we found on this island.

That's what they were doing? Experimenting on our people?

That's what they're *still* doing. There are five other stations.



There's something else in there!



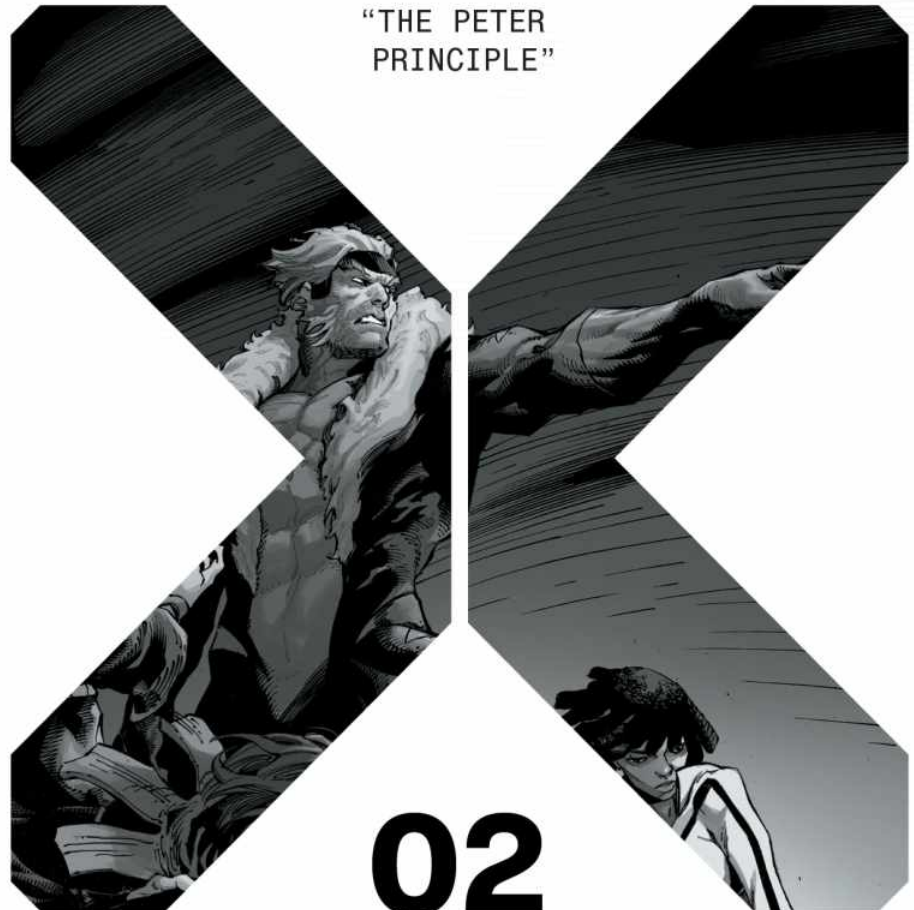
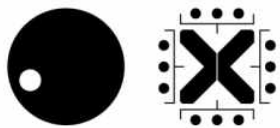
I recognize that silhouette. It's Bling!'s boat.

Sabretooth stole it when he fled the Pit. When he left us behind.



[sabretooth_0.01]
[the_exiles_0.01]

01
NEXT



ISSUE:

Deadpool #1

X-Men Red #8

Legion of X #7

Marauders #8

➤ Sabretooth & the Exiles #1

Wolverine #27

Immortal X-Men #8

X-Force #34

X-Men #17

New Mutants #32

X-Terminators #3

[kra_0.0]...
[koa_0.0]...

